

that I have no brother Ernest. I have no brother at all. I never had a brother in my life, and I certainly have not the smallest intention of ever having one in the future.

*Cecily.* [*Surprised.*] No brother at all?

*Jack.* [*Cheerily.*] None!

*Gwendolen.* [*Severely.*] Had you never a brother of any kind?

*Jack.* [*Pleasantly.*] Never. Not even of any kin!

*Gwendolen.* I am afraid it is quite clear, Cecily, that neither of us is engaged to be married to any one.

*Cecily.* It is not a very pleasant position for a young girl suddenly to find herself in. Is it?

*Gwendolen.* Let us go into the house. They will hardly venture to come after us there.

*Cecily.* No, men are so cowardly, aren't they?

[*They retire into the house with scornful looks.*]

*Jack.* This ghastly state of things is what you call Bunburying, I suppose?

*Algernon.* Yes, and a perfectly wonderful Bunbury it is. The most wonderful Bunbury I have ever had in my life.

*Jack.* Well, you've no right whatsoever to Bunbury here.

*Algernon.* That is absurd. One has a right to Bunbury anywhere one chooses. Every serious Bunburyist knows that.

*Jack.* Serious Bunburyist! Good heavens!

*Algernon.* Well, one must be serious about something, if one wants to have any amusement in life. I happen to be serious about Bunburying. What on earth you are serious about I haven't got the remotest idea. About everything, I should fancy. You have such an absolutely trivial nature.

*Jack.* Well, the only small satisfaction I have in the whole of this wretched business is that your friend Bunbury is quite exploded. You won't be able to run down to the country quite so often as you used to do, dear Algy. And a very good thing too.

*Algernon.* Your brother is a little off colour, isn't he, dear Jack? You won't be able to disappear to London quite so frequently as your wicked custom was. And not a bad thing either.

*Jack.* As for your conduct towards Miss Cardew, I must say that your taking in a sweet, simple, innocent girl like that is quite inexcusable. To say nothing of the fact that she is my ward.

*Algernon.* I can see no possible defence at all for your deceiving a brilliant, clever, thoroughly experienced young lady like Miss Fairfax. To say nothing of the fact that she is my